Praise You

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Praise You

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal has a kinky fling with a fellow med student.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Praise You

AO3: TIGERPRAWN

“Lay still, how can I examine you properly if you keep moving?” Hannibal crooned the words and it made me shudder, not least because his slightly cool hands were making their way up my flanks as he hovered over my prone form on my bunk.

“Do you think all your patients will stay completely still?” I complained just before my breath hitched as his hands reached my binder and skirted the bottom of it. I was down to binder and boxers but Hannibal still wore slacks and a shirt, rolled up at the elbows.

"I'm merely trying to help with your studies, as you asked."

He hummed then, something that sounded a little like annoyance but was perhaps impatience.

I always liked the sound of it, the handful of times we’d done this now, the expressive noises he made.

This wasn’t exclusive, a fling for both of us, which was about the most either of us cared to manage with the pressures of med school. It was easy to joke that these explorations of each other’s bodies was merely an extension of anatomy class. But I'm sure he knows how much more I get from this. The validation I crave.

My breath hitched again as Hannibal pressed his thigh between my legs.

I was completely flat on my bunk now, my roommate thankfully visiting his parents for the weekend.

“How far?” Hannibal growled against my ear. And I was grateful to be with someone who understood enough to care to ask.

“Binder on… Can you… make me yours? Daddy?” I asked a little coyly, glad that I didn’t have to be super confident with Hannibal. And yet being with him always made me feel a little more confident. Confident enough to play.

“Yes darling boy, daddy’s going to mark you all over.” Hannibal practically purred.

He moved his hands further up, caging my ribs in his hands and rubbing his thumbs over the top of the binder. My nipples responded and I moaned, arching into his hands.

Not too much sensitivity, chest still tightly bound, he knew I still loved his hands there. It was likely all the more clear by how I squirmed against his thigh.

“Daddy…”

“Such a good boy for me, aren’t you.”

I whimpered my response and he kissed me, swallowing the sound.

His thumbs continued to rub over my nipples as his hands held my chest in place, keeping me somewhat trapped as his mouth moved from mine to my neck and he nuzzled for a moment before biting. I winced at the pain, my cock throbbing at the thought of the red welt it would leave.

I would have to wear a scarf to classes again this week.

I released a moan that I knew would encourage him, and he began to suck a kiss into my neck, sure to bruise. He was going to leave me red and hickied and the thought made my hips jolt. He pressed them back down with his own, pinning me against the bunk as his hard length pressed into my hip.

With a growl, Hannibal moved his hands to mine and pulled them above my head, holding them there as he crushed me under his weight. I relaxed, sinking into the bed beneath me, and letting out a long breath.

As usual, I hadn’t really been conscious of how tense I was until Hannibal’s ministrations relaxed me. This casual fling had been happening on and off throughout this whole academic year, and had gone along way in making me feel more confident and comfortable in my own skin as the testosterone hormone therapy started to change my body for the better.

In truth, I sometimes felt more comfortable half naked than I did clothed - no immediate gendering of how I looked, especially not with Hannibal. Maybe because he was a med student too? Maybe it was just because he didn't care about trivialities like sexuality and gender - it all seemed to be insignificant to him. He'd told me before he was attracted to a person not their genitals.

Having this thing between us made me feel good. Hannibal made me feel good.

I gasped as Hannibal bit me again, grinding up to him even as he pinned me down again.

“Now, now, be a good boy for daddy,” He purred the words and I shivered.

His thick accent always sent the best kind of chills through me.

“I’ll be good daddy, I’m sorry,” I whimpered, and I meant it. I had no intention of willfully being a brat, and took greater care to hold my body in check, as it wanted to writhe under his ministrations. I wanted his praise, craved it as much as I craved him.

Hannibal hummed his approval and moved his mouth to mine, my lips parting to accept a soft and languid kiss.

He pulled back and began to nip his way down my body, skimming over the half binder and pressing his teeth to my taut belly.

“You’re always such a good boy for me. Hard and wet, begging for daddy to mark you.” Hannibal spoke between kisses and gentle bites. “And I know you enjoy these little examinations as much as I do.”

I whimpered in response, closing my eyes tight shut as I tried to remain still.

He was right. I did love it.

Hannibal chuckled, a dark and warm sound, as he moved lower, hooking his fingers into the waistband of my boxers and pulling them down and off. He hummed again, clearly pleased, before he lowered his face to the crook of my thigh and breathed deeply.

It made my face burn, and I moaned with embarrassment.

Hannibal looked up at me and grinned, “Now, now, my beautiful boy, as a medical student you should know as well as I that there is nothing of the human body to be embarrassed about.”

Before I could even nod in acknowledgment, he leaned in and took a chunk of my inner thigh between his teeth, biting enough to make me cry out.

He sat back on his haunches then, my thigh still burning with the pain, his eyes so dark in the low light that they looked almost red. I shuddered as he moved over me and pressed a hand to my mouth.

“Shh berniukas, you must be quiet for me. We don't want to be disciplined for causing a disturbance in the dorms. Endure…” He slid back down my body and took his hand with him. I clenched my jaw and kept my lips tight shut, hoping to obey him completely.

He kissed the growing welt from his bite before nipping lightly at the tender flesh. My breath stilled as his hands smoothed up my thighs and pushed them slowly apart, opening me completely to him.

The first time he’d done this I had balked, terrified of his judgement, but he had purred and complimented me. So much so I had been blushing intensely as I came. And he had come to know how much being praised aroused me.

“Mmm,” Hannibal made a pleased sound before lowering his lips and sucking my cock into his mouth, pressing his tongue against the underside as I throbbed. There was a lewd, sucking noise as he slowly pulled back and let my cock fall from his mouth. “Growing nicely, even bigger than last month. Such good progress, wonderful boy.”

Hannibal took my cock back into his mouth and started to suck up and down, his head bobbing between my legs as I groaned, “Daddy… Please daddy...”

He knew what I wanted and complied, I’d been good enough so far. He reached two fingers up towards me and I took them into my mouth, sucking on them to the same rhythm that he continued to suck my cock. Hannibal chuckled at that before removing the moist digits and slipping them between my legs, sliding slowly inside me as I moaned and arched.

I felt my cock throbbing in his mouth and he drew back, and I knew he didn't want me to come just yet, he wanted to play with me as long as possible.

"Mmm, the hormones haven't caused too much loss of natural lubrication thus far," He mused, sounding every bit the professional. "We should ensure we have lubricant on hand for these examinations in future."

Anyone else talking so intimately about the changes my body was going through, even a medical professional, would have caused me an extreme amount of discomfort. But from Hannibal it made me feel more confident in myself and the progress I was making. He made me feel like I was making good and pleasing progress. It made me throb with want.

I didn't have chance to contemplate further as he flicked his tongue where his fingers moved into me, before spreading his fingers and slipping his tongue in between them. My eyes rolled as I enjoyed the sensation of the wet muscle fucking into me.

"Oh daddy, daddy," I panted, just above a whisper, as he moved his tongue in and out along with his fingers.

He pulled back suddenly, removing both fingers and tongue as he sat back once more.

"I'm very pleased with your responses," Stoic doctor again as he moved off the bunk.

I curbed my whimper at his loss, knowing that wasn't what he wanted from a good boy. Instead I lay there waiting. Watching as he began to roll down his shirt sleeves and unbutton them before working on the shirt buttons, then his slacks, until he had stripped down to his underwear.

He talked the whole time, giving me instructions -

"I want you to be a good boy and get on your knees for me. But you mustn't make daddy come, I'll be coming inside you, marking you… intimately, just as you want."

Involuntarily I rubbed my thighs together, enjoying the pressure on my cock as I did so, until Hannibal tutted disapprovingly and I stopped, trying to suppress a little sound as I did so.

Despite my desire, it took a great effort to move from the bunk and onto my knees in front of Hannibal. Everything ached with a need for *something*. Not necessarily release, but something more. More Hannibal, more praise, more marking.

Once I was settled on my knees I began to bow my head. Being submissive was natural for me, given my lack of confidence, but this wasn't really about that. It never was with Hannibal, despite the fact that being a Dom would be natural for him too, just being daddy was enough for both of us,

Before I could look all the way down, Hannibal pushed his underwear down and took himself in hand, lifting my chin with his other hand. He watched my eyes so intently I almost wanted to look away as he began to rub his cock across my lips. It was a few moments before he gently pressed forward, my lips parting around him and my tongue meeting the slightly bitter-salty taste of his precum.

He let out a contented sigh as he kept his eyes locked on mine, a hand now in my hair stroking affectionately. There was barely a rhythm, more cockwarming than a blowjob because that wasn't the point, not that sort of pleasure, but another kind entirely. One meant for me.

"Such a good boy, so beautiful. You always take my cock so well," Hannibal rumbled the words, his accent thickening with desire,

I could do nothing in return but stare up at him in adoration and whimper around his cock. Hannibal let out a hum of satisfaction and slowly eased himself in and out a handful of times, using my mouth in the most gentle way before he withdrew altogether.

He cupped my face again and slowly stroked his wet length with the other hand.

"Onto the bunk," He paused then, considering how he would like to take me before he continued, "Lay how you wish darling boy, daddy wants you to feel good."

My breath hitched for a moment before I nodded and got up from my knees. He was always such a good lover, always knew what I wanted and needed before I even did. And he was right, I needed this today. I needed him to let me lead the way, as much as I needed him to be daddy.

I crawled onto the bunk then settled on my back, sinking into the soft pillows and looking up at him as he watched me with nothing short of desire.

"Daddy," I held out a hand and waited for him to come to me.

"Oh darling boy, you know exactly how daddy wants you," He praised, whether it was really true or not that this is how he had desired to take me, it was the praise that mattered.

Once I was settled, he moved to the end of the bunk and I parted my legs for him to kneel between them as he had before.

"Perfect for me," Hannibal muttered as he pressed my legs up and open, feeling my wet folds part to reveal my cock, hard and wanting. He hummed and smiled, clearly pleased, before he moved forward.

He braced himself above me before licking up the side of my throat to my ear.

"Play with yourself," he commanded softly next to my ear before he started to suck a deep hickie into my neck. It was a little painful, all the more so when juxtaposed to the pleasure pooling between my legs as I slipped my fingers over my cock.

I was writhing and letting out breathy little sounds when he pulled back and whispered against my ear, "Not too loud darling, remember. We don't want the neighbours to hear you being so wanton. I don't want to have to punish you." The words were growled and made me shiver as I bit my lip to keep the sounds in.

I was too close to partake in much pain play, I was already likely to come the moment he started to fuck me, and I wanted to come with his dick in me not his hand on my ass, spanking me. Not this time at least.

So I nodded and he rewarded me with a deep and tender kiss.

We were still kissing as I felt the bunk sink and move as he did, repositioning himself until I could feel him pressing against my entrance. He slid slowly into my wet front hole, as we moaned into each other's mouths.

He broke the kiss then, framing my face in his hands and watching me intently as he moved. It was a slow and gentle rhythm.

"Do you want daddy to come inside you baby?" The words made me shiver and I nodded even as he continued, "Be my good boy and let me mark you on the inside as I have on the outside?"

He picked up the pace, rocking deeper and faster into me as he continued to talk -

"You can go to class marked by me, smelling of me, my come spread across your thighs."

"Yes daddy," I gave a breathless reply that ended in a short sob that betrayed my need.

Hannibal let out a growl that sounded almost tender as he pushed into me again and my own breath hitched, his body pressing my hand down against my cock.

"I'm so close daddy," I whined.

He tutted, maybe at my tone, maybe at my words, I wasn't sure but he pulled back, grinding his hips against mine as he looked down at me.

"The hormones are certainly making you more aroused, we shall see if you can last longer than last time. Will you be a good boy and last as long as you can?"

There was no threat of punishment if I didn't, it wasn't that sort of play today. There didn't need to be, there was the promise of praise instead and he knew he'd always get more from me with praise than punishment.

"Y-yes daddy," My words floundered as he thrust a little deeper, not going to make it easy for me.

I whimpered and began to remove my fingers from my cock, knowing I would come much quicker if I continued to touch myself, but Hannibal tssk'd.

"This is a science experiment, berniukas," He breathed the words against my ear as he continued to rock into me, faster and faster, "You touched yourself last time. If we are to take a true measure then we should attempt to replicate the experiment completely."

I sobbed, feeling my cock twitch and knowing there was no hope of lasting.

I started with slow pumps of my cock, matching Hannibal's rhythm. But then he buried his face in the crook of my neck, nipping at the skin there as he pumped his hips quicker, pushing deeper. I could feel the little head of my cock rubbing against his groin where it peeked between my fingers.

"Daddy…" I whined.

"Shh," He calmed me though didn't lose his ever increasing pace. "Such a good boy, It's okay, give daddy your come, daddy wants you to-"

His words cut off with my cry as my climax washed over me, taking the breath from me and leaving my body shaking. I couldn't move my hand, trapped as it was against my over sensitive cock as it throbbed between my fingers. My inner muscles contracted, allowing me to feel every inch of the the hard length filling me.

"So good daddy, feels so good," I was barely able to mutter out the words and Hannibal responded with only a grunt as I felt him shudder in response to my body clenching around him.

He drew back enough to lift my legs to his shoulder, his hand settling on my hips before he started to fuck into me.

"Such a good boy. You lasted so well. Gave me all your wonderful seed. Going to fill you up and leave you dripping with the evidence. Stain your insides liked I've marked the outside."

He continued to drive into me with every word as I sobbed and went completely lax, letting him use me like a rag doll and enjoying every moment of it.

It was on a long groan that Hannibal released inside me. He pulled my hips tight to him so that he wasn't drawing out at all even as he continued to rock, keeping every drop inside me as he knew I wanted.

"Daddy," I sighed as he pushed deep a few more times, filling me as completely as he could. He knew I loved the feeling of it, of being able to feel it. Hannibal was the reason I'd overcome some dysphoria I had in order to go on birth control, so he could do exactly this - come so deep inside me it felt like he would be with me for days.

I squirmed at the thought, feeling my cock throb, so turned on despite having already climaxing.

Hannibal didn't miss it at all, and even as he struggled to hold his panting form above me, he slipped his fingers between my legs, running his fingers between my folds and down to where we joined, collecting moisture that no doubt now contained some of his precome if not his come. .

"Be daddy's good boy," He growled and began to work my cock between his fingers, jerking it between his slippery thumb and forefinger.

I let out a pained noise that really betrayed my pleasure as I arched off the bed and tried to fuck up into his hand, hindered by being still pinned by his very slowly softening cock.

"Such a good boy for daddy," He muttered the words over and over, variations here and there as he worked my cock until I was almost crying. It felt like minutes or perhaps a lifetime later that I was coming again.

Hannibal grunted his discomfort as I clenched once more around his now sensitive cock, but he continued to work me through it until he had wrung every last shuddering shred of orgasm from my body. So much so that eventually my undulating muscles pushed his cock out, his come spilling right after.

I groaned both at the loss and the sensation of his warm seed dripping out of me and over me.

He collapsed on top of me then, nipping lightly at me ear as he tried to catch his breath.

"We should get ready for class," His words were a deep, warm rumble

"Yes daddy," I replied softly, "thank you for helping me with my studies."

"Any time beautiful berniukas," He replied before leaning in to kiss me.

End Notes

According to Google Translate -
*Berniukas = boy in Lithuanian

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